FEBRUARY 2013

HISTORIC PLACES

ARIZONA

HIGHWAYS

ESCAPE · EXPLORE · EXPERIENCE

AWE Naturel
A PORTFOLIO

"In the end, the character of a civilization is encased in its structures." — FRANK GEHRY

ICONIC ARIZONA

OUR TAKE ON THE STATE'S MOST HISTORIC LANDMARKS, INCLUDING TOVREA CASTLE, EL TOVAR & MORE

Tovrea Castle

PLUS: HELLSGATE WILDERNESS · RATTLESNAKES · YUMA'S BEST BURRITOS
MORENCI, AZ · QUEEN VALLEY ROAD · OLIVE OATMAN · CAMELBACK MOUNTAIN

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◗ Snow blankets Four Peaks, the most notable summits in the Mazatzal Mountain range, east of Phoenix. | MOREY K. MILBRADT
FRONT COVER Tovrea Castle and Carraro Cactus Garden, located at 52nd and Van Buren streets in Phoenix, recently opened for public tours. Alessio Carraro built the castle in 1928 and sold the property to E.A. Tovrea in 1932. | CRAIG SMITH
BACK COVER Sunset light paints delicate sandstone fins at Vermilion Cliffs National Monument in Northern Arizona. | GEORGE STOCKING

It's an Experience

I grew up with the Ringlings. That might sound like a metaphor, but it's not. Their extensive property was next door, literally, to my boyhood home. I don't know how many acres the Ringling brothers had on that particular spread, but it was a lot, and a half-mile through the woods between us was a collection of old buildings, including a three-story stone structure that was used as a stable of sorts for some of their circus elephants. In our Tom Sawyer years, my three brothers and I, along with the other neighborhood kids, would spend our summers trying to get into that old building, which was boarded-up and brooding — the kind of place you'd expect to see Shaggy, Scooby and a parade of staggering mummies. It was also off-limits and inaccessible. Well, almost inaccessible. (Sorry, Mom, it was Jeff's idea.)

I thought about the elephant barn when I was standing at the front gate of Tovrea Castle, about to enter a place I'd wanted to explore for years. Like everyone else in metropolitan Phoenix, I'd driven past the castle a thousand times, and couldn't wait to see what was inside. I was there with former Phoenix Mayor John Driggs, who was one of the many people working to restore the iconic landmark. On that fall day in 2011, the castle was still a work in progress, but the dust didn't diminish the experience — I was Howard Carter at King Tut's Tomb. Today, Tovrea is open to the public, and this month, it's on our list of the state's most historic places.

Lowell Observatory is on the list, too, along with the Elks Opera House in Prescott, Kannally Ranch House in Oracle, and El Tovar, which opened on the South Rim in 1905. Built by the Santa Fe Railway for the then-exorbitant sum of $250,000, the beautiful hotel was dubbed "the most expensively constructed and appointed log house in America." Hyperbole notwithstanding, El Tovar is the epitome of historic places in Arizona, and its proximity to the Grand Canyon only makes it more so. Of course, El Tovar and the Canyon are among the things people think about when they think about Arizona. They also think about saguaros, sunsets and even rattlesnakes. Craig Childs, in particular, has a fascination with the latter.


PAUL MARKOW

"In some ways, I wished it had been me [who was bitten], just to get it out of the way, and answer my curiosity," he writes in *This Bites!*, an unsettling essay that inspired Associate Editor Kathy Ritchie to walk into my office after reading it and say: "That's *so* disturbing. I'm never going anywhere with Craig Childs."

The essay looks back on Craig's time as a river guide and the ever-present threat of snakes. "We were all likely targets, working as field instructors on the lower Colorado River, a place well populated by rattlesnakes. Picking up gear boxes and snapping out tarps, wearing river sandals and shorts, our bare flesh was always available." Turns out, a colleague did get attacked, and nearly died, but the story doesn't end there. From the lower Colorado, the essay moves south into Mexico, where Craig and his band of lunatics spent several nights in a desert teeming with sidewinders. Why? I don't know, but instead of Mexico, they could have just as easily gone to Hellsgate.

"The area contains a very high concentration of snakes," the Forest Service warns. But that's not the only deterrent to entering Hellsgate. Although it's a wilderness loaded with natural beauty, it's rugged territory, and getting in and out requires a willingness to endure not only rattlesnakes, but also triple-digit temperatures, aggressive bears, giant centipedes, swarms of gnats, flash floods and a 2,000-foot vertical drop. About the only thing you won't encounter down there is a parade of staggering mummies.

In *To Hellsgate and Back*, Annette McGivney recounts her grueling trek into that unforgiving wilderness. She hiked in with her son, a girlfriend and photographer Elias Butler, but as you'll see, it's not a trip for everyone. However, if you're wired for extremes, entering the depths of Hellsgate ranks as one of the best adventures in Arizona. It's an experience, to be sure. Like gaining access to a cordoned-off castle or sneaking through the third-story window of a boarded-up elephant barn.


GEORGE STOCKING

COMING IN MARCH ...

Our annual portfolio of spring wildflowers, featuring the spectacular photography of George Stocking.

ROBERT STIEVE, *EDITOR*

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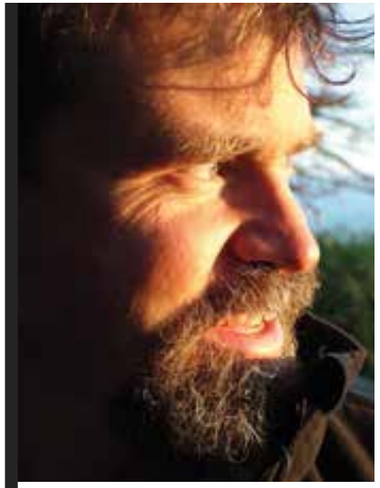


CRAIG CHILDS

Writer Craig Childs is an avid adventurer, but one journey really stands out — a multiday excursion in the Mexican desert, complete with rattlesnake encounters. Childs relates his close calls with sidewinders in *This Bites!* (page 40). Although he hasn't yet been bitten, Childs has written many books about his treks into the wild, including *The Animal Dialogues*, which gives readers a glimpse at his close encounters with a variety of wildlife. Childs is a frequent contributor to *Arizona Highways*. His work has also appeared in *The New York Times* and *Outside*.

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

Bruce Taubert is no stranger to Arizona's wildlife. As a biologist-photographer, he's come very close to things that crawl and slither, including the Western diamondback and sidewinder rattlesnakes you'll see in *This Bites!* (page 40). "I love to photograph bats, hummingbirds, snakes and nocturnal animals of all types," Taubert says. "The more difficult a photograph is to make, the more I want to make it." Taubert's work has also appeared in *Arizona Wildlife Views* and *WildBird*.


ELIAS BUTLER

ANNETTE McGIVNEY

Giant centipedes, snakes and hungry bears didn't scare writer Annette McGivney (see *To Hellsgate and Back*, page 44). "We managed to do the trip when it was not too hot and not too cold, and all the critters were either withdrawn from the cooler nights or happily occupied with gorging themselves on a profusion of prickly pear fruit," McGivney says. "It was heavenly down at the creek and swimming through the narrow gorge of Hell's Gate. I took my son because I wanted him to experience true wilderness, and he did." McGivney's work has also been published in *Backpacker*, *Outside* and *The New York Times Magazine*.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

SECOND TIME'S A CHARM

This morning, I read every word and absorbed every picture in your "Next Best Images" issue [December 2012], and began to wonder why the first issue had failed to grab my full attention like this one did. So I dug out the first issue and compared them. I've concluded it has to do with layout. Subtle differences in presentation let the reader focus more on the photographs in the 2012 issue. Another plus is the presentation of the artists' names. Even though they're in bold print, they don't detract from the picture, while hunting for the photographer's name in the first issue does. I've watched *Arizona Highways* evolve for 35 years ... the presentation of the December 2012 issue is an improvement over December 2011.

Jean Hutton, Scottsdale, Arizona

December 2012

SECOND THOUGHTS

I just received the December 2012 issue featuring your "second best photos." Regarding Josef Muench [cover photograph], he was on the same ship from Germany that my mother was on in 1928.

Doris Scharfenberg, Greensboro, North Carolina

The photograph on page 13 of the December 2012 issue of *Arizona Highways* is not Kayenta, but Shiprock, New Mexico.

Larry Caviggia, Gallup, New Mexico

What a breath of fresh air! The December 2012 issue is the best in years. We've been subscribers for a long time, and have missed much of the old style with the spectacular photography.

Bob & Mary Lou Cummings, Apache Junction, Arizona

RAZING THE BARROOM

My husband, Henry, and I have been restoring the Weatherford Hotel since 1975, and one of our greatest accomplishments was renovating the Zane Grey Ballroom in 1997, and then restoring the first half of the wraparound balconies of the Weatherford Hotel that burned off in the late 1920s. Imagine my dismay that one of our favorite Arizona treasures, *Arizona Highways*, renamed it the Zane Grey Barroom in one month.

Pamela S. (Sam) Green, Flagstaff

A FLOOD OF MEMORIES

It's amazing what a little blurb out of *This Month in History* [November 2012] brings to mind. It mentions that in November 1919, the "overburdened Agua Fria River threatens Glendale." In March 1960, I wrote in our travel log the following: "We traveled farther on the dirt road toward Black Canyon Highway and the Agua Fria River. The river was shallow, but sparkling clean, sandy-bottomed and not too cold. The boys (Don and Pat) loved it, and Debbie (14 months) toddled around in the water." I believe she was munching on some wildflowers at the time. We were desert rats for many years, and *Arizona Highways* is a wonderful memory jogger. Thanks for the little bits and pieces, too.

Alice Turner, Grafton, North Dakota

GOING NOWHERE

In February, two family friends came to Arizona from Wisconsin for a regular visit. Over the years, they'd built up quite a repertoire of great bars to visit while they were here. One day, they asked my boyfriend and me to go with them to Parker ... a place I'd never been. Out of nowhere, we found ourselves at The Desert Bar [November 2012]. It's because of places like this — places rich with culture, history and a great story to boot — that I wanted to move to Arizona. Thanks for the highlight.

Jenna Latz, Phoenix

WHAT HE'S DRIVING AT

I enjoy your magazine very much, but this is the second time I've noticed a comment that hits on a particular nerve of mine. In the *Editor's Letter* [November 2012] discussing the old saloons of Arizona, you wisely warn readers not to drink and drive, because: "You don't want to end up in a county jail somewhere. Or, worse yet, in one of Mark Lipczynski's cemeteries." But you forgot the most important reason not to drink and drive, which is that nobody has a right to put other people's lives at risk because of their own convenience or carelessness by driving down the road in an impaired state. It shouldn't be about the trouble that someone can get themselves into; it's about the risk they pose to innocent people by their bad choices.

Dr. David P. O'Brien, Tucson

IMPACT STATEMENT

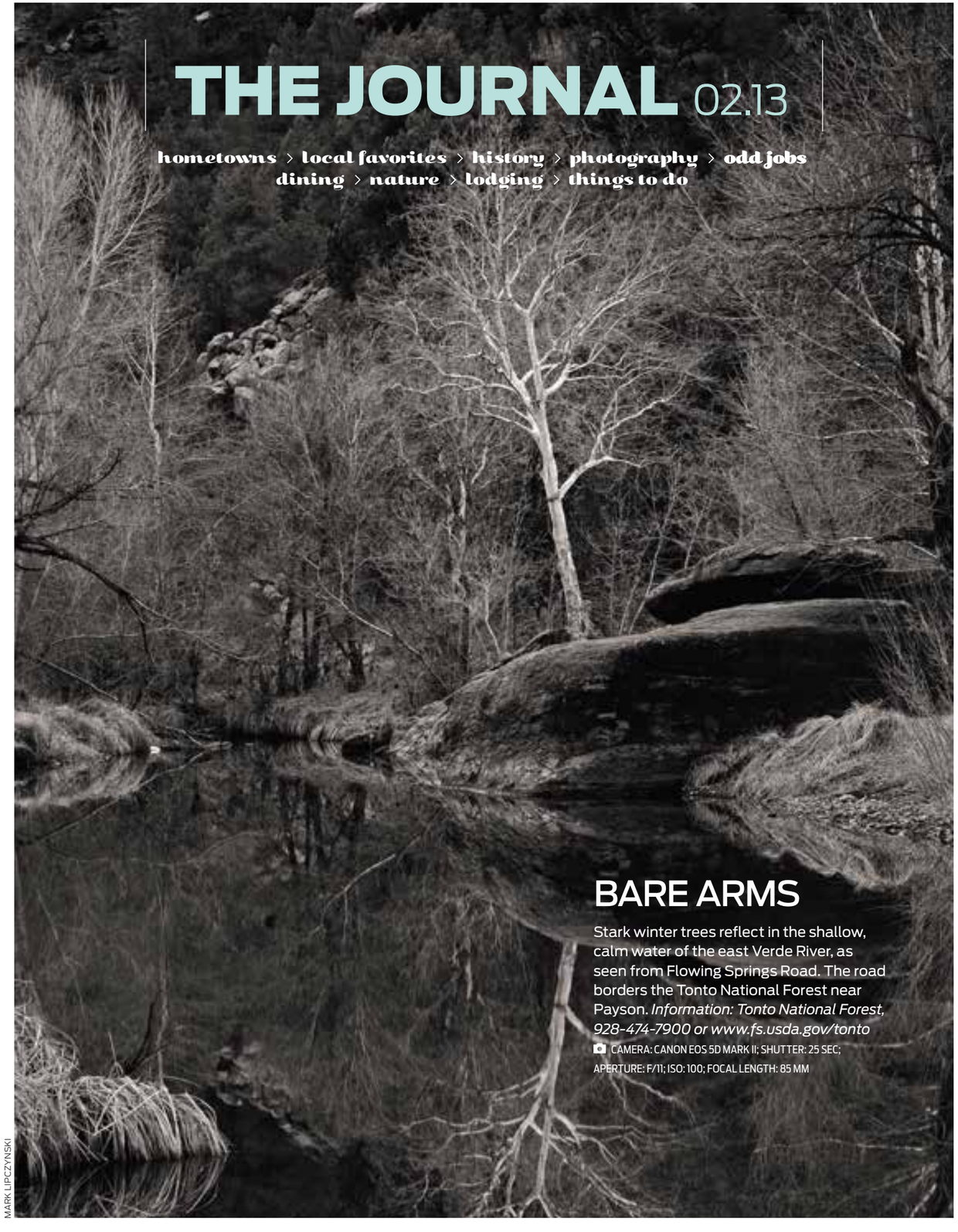
I'm an Arizona native, I lived in the Bradshaw Mountains and I worked for the Arizona Game and Fish Department. I must say that your magazine has had a huge impact on me. My parents were subscribers, and as a kid I'd pore over every issue. I have most of your books, and when I'm in Phoenix, I stop by your store just to walk through. Partly because of your magazine, I chose a career in wildlife law enforcement and photography. Thank you for being a positive role model in my life. I'm not sure if any of you have ever thought about what you do in this manner, but I'm sure I'm not the only one who appreciates *Arizona Highways*.

Mark Quigley, Prescott, Arizona

contact us If you have thoughts or comments about anything in *Arizona Highways*, we'd love to hear from you. We can be reached at editor@arizonahighways.com, or by mail at 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009. For more information, visit www.arizonahighways.com.

THE JOURNAL 02.13

hometowns › local favorites › history › photography › odd jobs
dining › nature › lodging › things to do



BARE ARMS

Stark winter trees reflect in the shallow, calm water of the east Verde River, as seen from Flowing Springs Road. The road borders the Tonto National Forest near Payson. *Information: Tonto National Forest, 928-474-7900 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto*

CAMERA: CANON EOS 5D MARK II; SHUTTER: 25 SEC; APERTURE: F/11; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 85 MM

MARK LIPCZYNSKI

MARK LIPCZYNSKI

MORENCI

FOUNDED	AREA	ELEVATION	COUNTY
1872	0.8 square miles	4,750 feet	Greenlee

FIRST KNOWN AS JOY'S CAMP, Morenci was established in 1872 and built against the sides of Longfellow Hill in Eastern Arizona's Greenlee County. Settlers built up instead of out, and for decades, Morenci was known as "the town without a wheeled vehicle." Its roads were dangerous, and only footpaths led miners and their families into the heart of town. After statehood, town officials widened the roads, leading to an influx of new settlers — most of them miners. Renowned artist Ted DeGrazia's parents were among the town's new residents, and DeGrazia was born in Morenci. His father and uncles were miners there. So, too, was he — but only briefly. By 1933, the longtime contributor to *Arizona Highways* had left town to pursue a degree at the University of Arizona and a career in the arts. Although DeGrazia hit the road, Morenci's mines endured, and today, Freeport-McMoRan's Morenci Mine is the largest employer in both Morenci and the neighboring town of Clifton. The open-pit copper mine processes approximately 635,000 metric tons of ore each day. — KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Information: www.co.greenlee.az.us

local favorites

STEPHANIE SALISBURY

CHASE CREEK MARKETPLACE
Clifton

Susan Snyder's vision for Chase Creek Marketplace was simple: Provide "handcrafted gifts by people we know." Since the store opened eight years ago, artists from Clifton and Morenci have showcased their work. Snyder herself even contributes her wares, which include earrings, rosary bracelets and knit caps.

What was the inspiration for the marketplace?
About 18 years ago, several local artists started a volunteer gallery in the old train depot in Clifton, which we called The Art Depot. After operating for 10 years, we ran out of available volunteers to keep the depot open to the public. I was friends with many of the artists from The Art Depot and wanted to help make their art available to everyone. Eight years ago, I was able to purchase a building on Chase Creek Street and open a shop for artists to sell their art and crafts all year.

What things are most popular?
We have a wide variety of items, such as pottery, salsa, paintings, clothing and, of course, jewelry. So, we're not just known for one thing.

What will surprise people most about the marketplace?
Everything is locally made. You don't have to travel an hour to Safford to find a gift. They're all one-of-a-kind items; you never have to worry about arriving at a party and showing up with the same gift.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

Chase Creek Marketplace is located at 215 Chase Creek Street in Clifton. For more information, call 928-865-1251 or visit www.chasecreekmarketplace.com.

Blue in the Face

Those people who walked 10 miles to school every day in the snow haven't got anything on Olive Oatman, who was abducted by Indians, forced into slavery and given a blue tattoo on her chin.

If a picture's worth a thousand words, this photograph of Olive Oatman speaks volumes. Her story is remarkable.

In 1850, she and her family left their home in Illinois and headed west to California. In February 1851, they approached the Gila River in Arizona, where they were ambushed by a band of Yavapai Indians. Only three of the nine family members survived the attack — brother Lorenzo was beaten and left for dead, although he managed to seek help, and sisters Olive and Mary Ann were abducted and forced into slavery.

According to a story written by Father Edward J. Pettid in the November 1968 issue of *Arizona Highways*, the girls were traded to a band of Mojave Indians for "two horses, a few vegetables, a few pounds of beads and three blankets." Although the girls were captives, the Mojave chief treated them like daughters and marked them as such with blue tattoos on their chins. The Mojaves considered the tattoo — with its five vertical lines — a form of identification in the afterlife. Despite being cared for, the sisters endured severe hardships alongside the Mojaves, including food shortages. Mary Ann later died of starvation.

Five years after the family was ambushed, authorities from Fort Yuma, California, found Olive and negotiated a trade with her captors. When she finally arrived at the fort, she became an instant celebrity. Following the publication of a book about her story, Olive began talking publicly about her experiences to help promote it.

Although Olive's early years were rather extraordinary, she went on to live a very ordinary life when she married John B. Fairchild, and later adopted a daughter. Olive Ann Oatman Fairchild died on March 20, 1903, at the age of 65. The town of Oatman, Arizona, is named in her honor.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

ARIZONA STATE ARCHIVES

this month in history

PHOTO COURTESY ARIZONA STATE ARCHIVES

- The townsite of Phoenix, which consists of 380 acres, is filed in the U.S. Land Office on February 13, 1872.
- George W.P. Hunt becomes the first governor of Arizona when the Territory becomes a state on February 14, 1912.

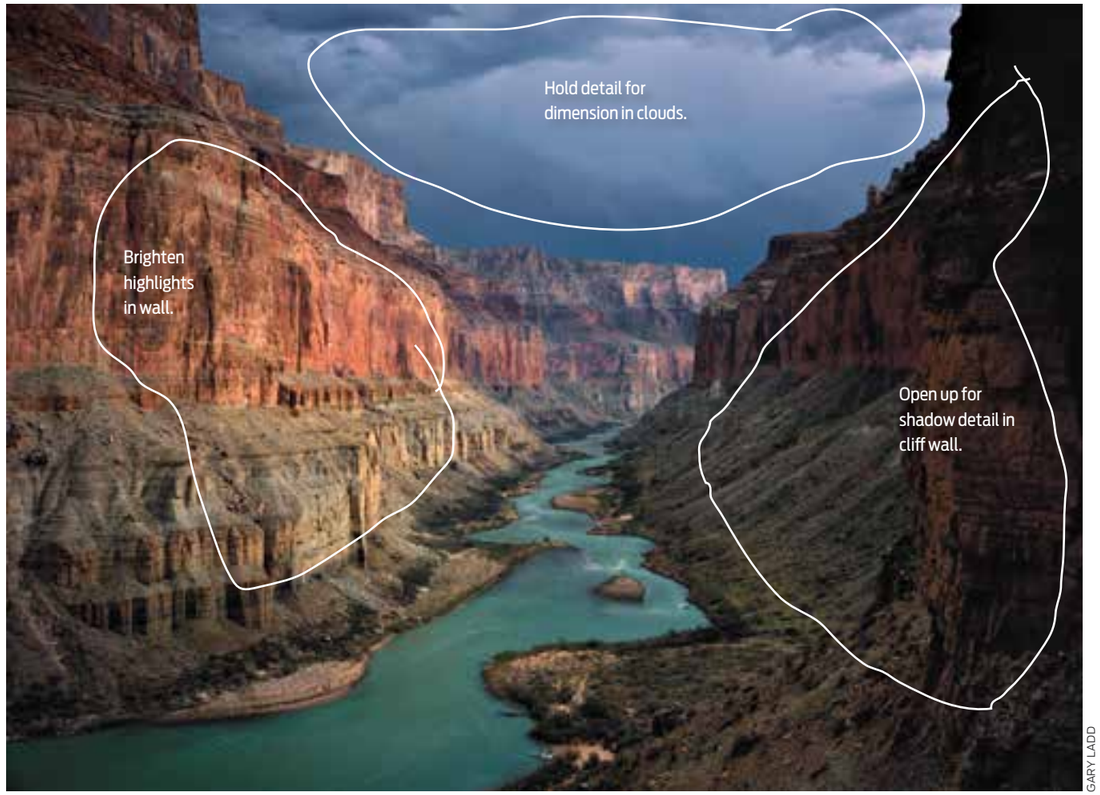
Governor Hunt, left, and Carl Hayden

- The Phoenix Street Railway stops service on February 17, 1948. The streetcar line was established in 1887 and boasted the motto "Ride a Mile and Smile the While."
- Astronomer Clyde Tombaugh discovers Pluto, which is now known as a "dwarf planet," at Flagstaff's Lowell Observatory on February 18, 1930.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

50 Years Ago

The February 1963 issue of *Arizona Highways* featured a story about Scottsdale and how the ambitious city created its own theater and opera companies, despite its small population. The issue also celebrated Arizona's springtime beauty.



GARY LADD

Making the Papers

Richard Jackson. If you're looking for a high-performance photographic print, that's the guy you want. Jackson is the driving force behind Hance Partners, a company that specializes in fine-art printing for photographers, and his company's client list is a who's who of excellence: Steve McCurry, Amy Vitale and Joe McNally are all contributing photographers to *National Geographic*; Jack Dykinga, Gary Ladd and Randy Prentice are longtime contributors to *Arizona Highways*; and the list goes on. Jackson has been in the photo-lab business for a long time, and he could have gone to New York or anywhere else, but he's always preferred small operations — those that emphasize a collaborative effort between photographer and printmaker. There are others who focus on that, but what sets Jackson apart is the dialogue he initiates with each photographer. This photo of the Grand Canyon, made by Gary Ladd, is a good example. Among the questions Jackson asked were: *What's the story? What was the motivation behind the photo? Where do you want the viewer's eyes to go first, and where should they linger?* After Ladd answered, Jackson asked the technical questions: *Is there enough dimension in the clouds? How much shadow detail would you like on the right-hand wall? Should the highlights on the sunlit wall be brighter down canyon, or more toward the middle of the frame?* Jackson knows what to ask and what to do with a photographer's answers, creating a perfect combination of art and print performance.

— JEFF KIDA, photo editor

PHOTO TIP

Bracketing

In challenging lighting situations, try using bracketing to ensure the best exposure. Usually, this means making three or more images: one slightly underexposed, one with the presumed correct exposure, and one slightly overexposed. Most DSLRs have an automatic setting to do this, but if your camera does not, you can bracket manually by slightly adjusting your exposure for each shot — usually in 1/3 -or 1/2-stop increments above and below the camera's reading. When it comes time to edit your images, you'll have more options from which to choose.

ADDITIONAL READING

Look for our book *Arizona Highways Photography Guide*, available at bookstores and www.arizonahighways.com/books.

To learn more about photography, visit www.arizonahighways.com/photography.asp.

DAWN KISH (2)

MOCCASIN MAKER

Jesus "Jesse" Aguiar, Tucson

Jesus "Jesse" Aguiar has a thing for leather. He's been crafting all sorts of leather goods, including wallets, belts and purses, since 1969. But when a friend suggested he make moccasins for a company in Tucson, Aguiar tapped into his niche. "It was really simple for me," he says. "I took to it like a duck to water." These days, Aguiar makes his beautiful handmade moccasins for Arizona's Hopi and Navajo tribes. For Hopis, he makes moccasins for Katsina dancers in three different colors: rust, white and turquoise. For Navajos, he typically makes a deerskin wrap-style moccasin with a rust-colored toe. "The women mainly wear those," he says. In 2011, Aguiar opened San Agustin Trading Co., a retail shop where he creates custom moccasins. "[Wearing moccasins is] like walking barefoot," he says. "They wear forever, and they're really comfortable. Some people come into the store who have moccasins I made 20 or 30 years ago."

— KATHY RITCHIE

For more information, call 520-971-7803 or visit www.sanagustintradingcompany.com.

Family Recipes

"Just like grandma made." At most restaurants, those words are just words that look good on a marquee, but at the Chile Pepper, they're literal. Since 1956, this mecca for Mexican food has been using Bessie Gutierrez's recipes to make some of the best burritos in Yuma.

yuma

MANY RESTAURANTS CLAIM TO SERVE HOME-cooked meals, but they don't. They order frozen or heavily processed foods, reheat them and serve them up — "just like your grandma used to make."

The opposite is true at the Chile Pepper in Yuma. The food that comes out of this kitchen is 100 percent grandma's recipe. But you might not know it at first glance. Tucked away in a nondescript strip mall, the place looks more like a high school cafeteria. The brightly colored community table near the back seems out of place in a sea of green plastic chairs and laminate café tables.

Of course, the Chile Pepper has never been about appearances. People come here strictly for the food, and they'll tell you that the bean-and-cheese burritos are the best around — they're even better on Wednesdays, when the price is marked down from $2.29 to $1.49.

"People come in and buy $300 worth of bean-and-cheese burritos," says Mary Lou Huff, partner (with her late brother, Gilbert, whom she called the restaurant's "backbone") and daughter of the Chile Pepper's founders, Juan and Bessie Gutierrez. "My mom was one of those gals who said, 'My mission is to feed people good food, and we have to make it affordable, so keep those prices down!'"

Since opening the Chile Pepper in 1956 — it's since been relocated to its current location — the Gutierrez family has adhered to Bessie's mantra of keeping prices low without sacrificing quality. Everything is made from scratch using the best possible ingredients. More than 420 dozen flour tortillas are hand-stretched every day, while corn is ground six days a week to create the 630 dozen — give or take — corn tortillas needed to satisfy the restaurant's hungry patrons. At the end of each night, pounds of beans cook slowly, so the cooks who come in at 5:30 a.m. can start preparing breakfast burritos. Even the beef machaca is made fresh daily.

"I love the fact that it's the same food [my mom] started making when she opened the Chile Pepper," Huff says. "I love that it's the same food I grew up with."

Although Bessie Gutierrez passed away last year, her legacy lives on. Besides the Chile Pepper, the family also owns some other Yuma eateries, and Juan and Bessie's grandchildren and great-grandchildren work at the Chile Pepper and its sister restaurants.

"She was so committed, and she saw her vision materialize," Huff says. "We want to continue doing what she started — not only for our parents, but for our community." — KATHY RITCHIE

The Chile Pepper is located at 1030 W. 24th Street in Yuma. For more information, call 928-783-4213 or visit www.bgfamilyltdpartnership.com.

PAUL MARKOW

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

DEEP PURPLES

Rocky Mountain irises are beautiful. Simple as that. Also known as Western blue flag, the flowers bloom a bright purple or blue, adding splashes of color to alpine meadows. In late spring and early summer, they grow in profusion along streams and in grassy pastures.

But the delicate flowers are more than just a photo op. Several Indian tribes are said to have used parts of the Rocky Mountain iris to treat ailments, including toothaches and joint pain. Their roots, however, are poisonous.

Rocky Mountain irises are also known for their ability to produce useful cordage. Their strong and flexible fibers can be woven into rope, fishing nets and snares. And if you're ever in need of a coffee substitute, the roasted seeds of the flowers pack a caffeinated punch.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

nature factoid

BRUCE D. TAUBERT

LOUD MOUSE

Grasshopper mice have been described as the wolves of the mouse world because the small creatures "howl" with a high-pitched whistle. The gray-brown or cinnamon-colored desert dwellers were named after their diet — they eat insects, including scorpions, centipedes and, of course, grasshoppers.

— ANDREA CRANDALL

PAUL MARKOW

Gaslight Inn

When hardware-store owner Floyd Holmes Sine had his fill of hammers and nails, he decided to jump into the furniture business. So, in 1926, he built a two-story storefront on Glendale's main drag. Glendale Furniture Co. thrived for a time before other shops moved into the space, and by 1989, owners had transformed the Sine Building into the Gaslight Inn. Gary and Teresa Outzen purchased the property — listed on the National Register of Historic Places — in 2011, saving it from a nearly four-year period of closure. They renovated the rooms, added Wi-Fi and flat-screen televisions, and incorporated the Olde Towne Glendale Wine and Beer Bar, which regulars have dubbed "the *Cheers* of Glendale," an homage to the popular '80s television show. "We have 10 beautifully decorated rooms, with the most comfortable beds," Teresa Outzen says. "The rooms are loaded with antiques." And even though Outzen admits that no celebrities, from the *Cheers* cast or otherwise, have stayed at the inn, "Every one of our guests is a star to us," she says.

— KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

The Gaslight Inn is located at 5745 W. Glendale Avenue in Glendale. For more information, call 623-934-5466 or visit www.gaslightinnaz.com.

~ things to do in arizona ~

Gold Rush Days
February 7-10, Wickenburg
Celebrate Wickenburg's Old West heritage at this 65th annual celebration. Peruse more than 200 arts and crafts booths and enjoy live entertainment and gold-panning, plus a classic-car show. Don't forget to check out the rodeo ($5 admission) and visit the Desert Caballeros Western Museum. *Information: 928-684-5479 or www.wickenburgchamber.com*

Book Sale
February 16-17, Phoenix
Sure, you might have to stand in line at the 57th Annual VNSA Used Book Sale, but the deals are worth the wait. With more than 500,000 gently used books — including some first editions — from every genre imaginable, plus CDs, DVDs, puzzles and games available for sale, this annual book sale benefits local charities. *Information: 602-265-6805 or www.vnsabooksale.org*

Native American Art Auction
February 9, Scottsdale
This auction features rugs, pottery, baskets, kachina dolls, jewelry and more. Best of all, purchases are tax-free, so come support the Friends of Hubbell. Proceeds will benefit Hubbell Trading Post, as well as Native American youth who want to pursue higher education. *Information: 480-948-7750*

La Fiesta de los Vaqueros
February 16-24, Tucson
With more than 650 contestants from the United States and Canada competing for more than $420,000 in prize money, this event gives visitors a chance to see working cowboys and cowgirls ply their skills. Rodeo events include bull-riding, bareback- and saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, tie-down roping, team roping and women's barrel racing. *Information: 520-741-2233 or www.tucsonrodeo.com*

Square Dance Festival
February 8-10, Yuma
A longtime Yuma tradition, this popular event features dancers from several Western states looking for a chance to show off their down-home dancing skills. *Information: 928-782-0844 or www.ysrda.weebly.com* AH

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

HISTORIC PLACES

If *TIME* can pick a "Person of the Year" every year, and *Good Housekeeping* can put its seal of approval all over everything, we figured that after nearly nine decades of publishing, it was time for us to start officially designating a few things of our own. We begin with five of Arizona's most historic places.

By ROBERT STIEVE &
KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Photographs by CRAIG SMITH

Twilight illuminates the 116-year-old Clark Dome at Lowell Observatory, located on Mars Hill in Flagstaff.

HISTORIC PLACES

LOWELL OBSERVATORY

Flagstaff

Percival Lowell believed in something bigger than himself — in the stuff that stars are made of and in faraway planets and other galaxies. So, in 1894, he chose Mars Hill, near downtown Flagstaff, to build his observatory. What started as a place for Lowell to sketch canals — the evidence, he believed, of life on Mars — and search for a trans-Neptunian planet has since grown into one of the country's major astronomy research institutions. It's there that Clyde Tombaugh discovered Pluto on February 18, 1930, and where Vesto M. Slipher investigated spiral nebulae. Today, Lowell Observatory houses the 4.3-meter Discovery Channel Telescope at its Happy Jack site, as well as a slew of others on Mars Hill. It has an annual operating budget of more than $6 million.

LOCATION: 1400 W. Mars Hill Road, Flagstaff
CONSTRUCTED: 1894
ARCHITECT: Sykes Brothers (Clark Dome); Guy Lowell (Administration Building)
INFORMATION: 928-774-3358 or www.lowell.edu

1894	Percival Lowell establishes his observatory on Mars Hill.
1912	Vesto M. Slipher's research into spiral nebulae leads to the first real evidence that the universe is expanding.
1916	Lowell dies, and his search for a trans-Neptunian planet is suspended while the observatory battles his estate.
1930	Clyde Tombaugh discovers Pluto.
2012	Lowell Observatory commissions the Discovery Channel Telescope.

LOWELL OBSERVATORY

ABOVE: Astronomer Henry Giclas added a boxing glove to Lowell's Pluto Discovery Telescope when he realized that people often hit their heads on the telescope's secondary counterweight. RIGHT: Percival Lowell observes Venus through the 24-inch Clark Telescope on October 14, 1914.

HISTORIC PLACES

EL TOVAR

Grand Canyon

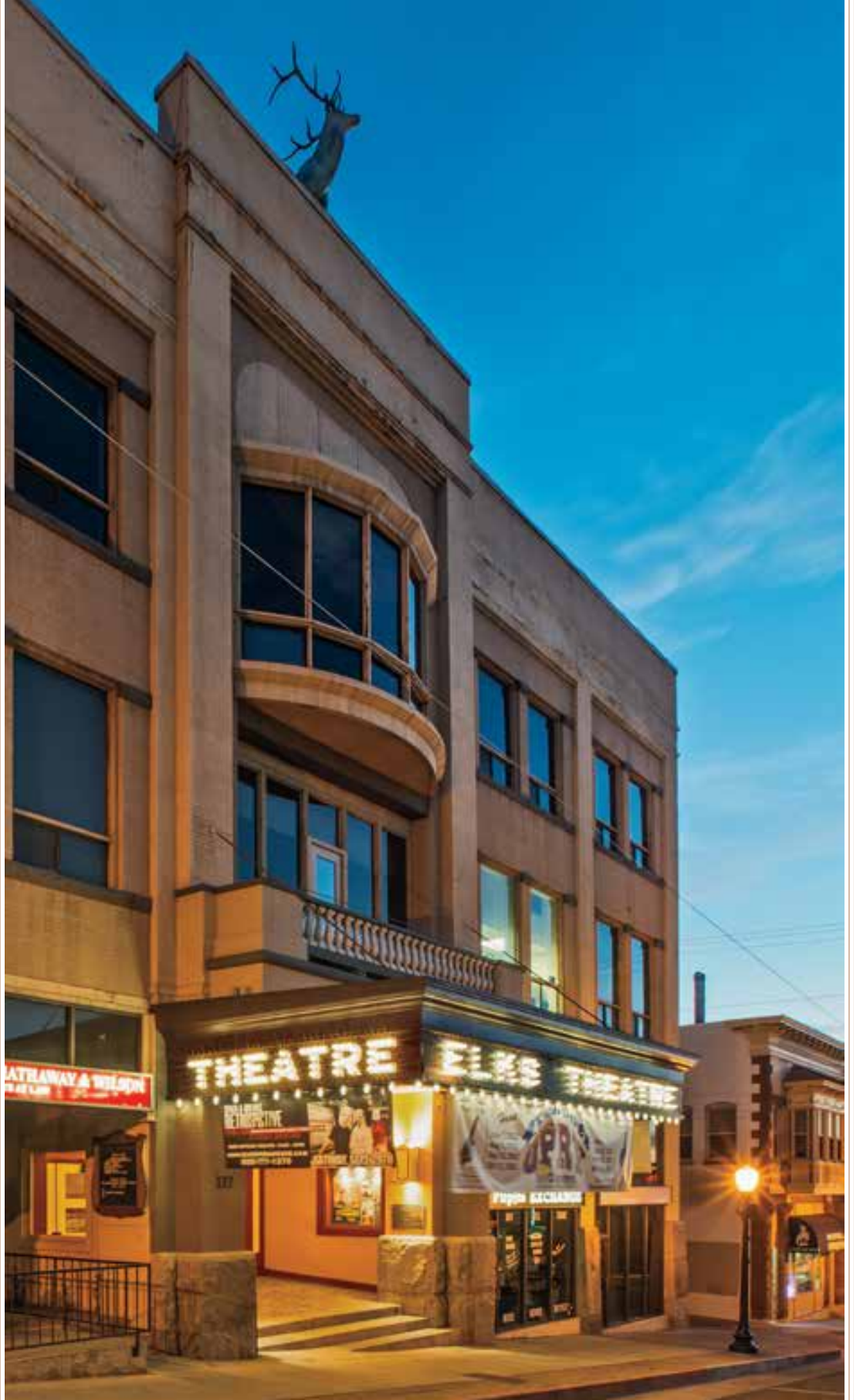
COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

ABOVE: Fifteen years after a multimillion-dollar renovation, El Tovar remains the grande dame of Grand Canyon lodging. Located on the Canyon's South Rim, El Tovar features 78 rooms and is booked months in advance.
LEFT: Hopi Indian performers attract a crowd in front of El Tovar in 1922.

John Muir saw the Grand Canyon and called it "God's spectacle." The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway saw it and saw money, and thus built a spur line there to haul out copper. Turns out, there wasn't much copper in the area, so the railway built El Tovar at the then-exorbitant cost of $250,000 — the luxury resort was dubbed "the most expensively constructed and appointed log house in America." Hyperbole notwithstanding, Charles Whittlesey's design is indeed impressive. The exterior was built in the style of a European chalet, with a wrapped turret, jigsawn balustrades and cedar shakes, while the interior is pure American hunting lodge, complete with dark wood, a massive fireplace and trophy mounts. The rock is all local, which helps El Tovar blend in with the landscape, and the logs — Douglas firs — were shipped by rail from Oregon. During the planning stages, the hotel was known as Bright Angel Tavern, because of its proximity to Bright Angel Point; but before the grand opening on January 15, 1905, it was changed to El Tovar, in honor of the Spanish explorer Pedro de Tobar. Today, the hotel's 78 rooms are small and simply furnished. Few offer Rim views, but they're all mere steps from the Seventh Natural Wonder of the World.

LOCATION: South Rim, Grand Canyon National Park
CONSTRUCTED: 1905
ARCHITECT: Charles Whittlesey
INFORMATION: 928-638-2631 or www.grandcanyonlodges.com/eltovar

1901	The first passenger train arrives at the South Rim.
1902	Charles Whittlesey works on the design for El Tovar Hotel.
1905	El Tovar opens.
1909	The Santa Fe Railway builds a depot on the South Rim.
1919	Grand Canyon is designated a national park.
1954	Fred Harvey Co. purchases South Rim facilities from the Santa Fe Railway.
1968	Fred Harvey Co. becomes a subsidiary of Amfac Inc.
1981	El Tovar gets a $1.5 million rehabilitation.
1989	Passenger train service returns to the South Rim after a 21-year absence.
1998	El Tovar undergoes a multimillion-dollar renovation.



HISTORIC PLACES

ELKS OPERA HOUSE

Prescott

In February 1904, the *Prescott Daily Journal Miner* posted notice that members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks Lodge No. 330 sought to build an opera house — at an estimated cost of $15,000 — on East Gurley Street in Prescott. Weeks later, the building's granite cornerstone was laid, and 10 months after that, the Victorian-style theater opened with a staging of *Marta of the Lowlands*, starring Florence Roberts. Over the decades, the Elks began offering more film viewings than stage performances, though live theater returned in the 1980s. In 2001, the city of Prescott acquired the opera house and established the Elks Opera House Foundation to help preserve and restore the structure.

LOCATION: 117 E. Gurley Street, Prescott
CONSTRUCTED: 1904
ARCHITECT: John R. Minor
INFORMATION: 928-777-1367 or www.elksoperahouse.com

1905	The Elks Opera House opens in downtown Prescott on February 20.
1916	*Birth of a Nation* is the first motion picture shown at the Elks, launching it into the film era.
1940s	Opera boxes and ornamental finishes are removed to accommodate wider movie screens.
1982	The Arizona Community Foundation purchases the building.
2001	The city of Prescott acquires the building.
2011	The Elks Opera House Foundation completes a $2 million restoration.

SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM

LEFT: Prescott's Elks Opera House recently underwent a $2 million restoration and reopened for live performances. RIGHT: The Elks Theatre marquee promotes a performance by British actress Dorothy Hamilton, circa 1936.

Now part of Oracle State Park, Kannally Ranch House once belonged to Neil and Lee Kannally and their siblings, Lucile, Mary and Vincent. The 2,622-square-foot home features four levels, but no sleeping quarters.

HISTORIC PLACES

KANNALLY RANCH HOUSE

Oracle State Park, Oracle

Kannally Ranch doesn't have the name recognition of El Tovar or Lowell Observatory, but it is on the National Register of Historic Places, and it's on our list of iconic Arizona landmarks. Built into a hillside between 1929 and 1932, the 2,622-square-foot white-stucco home with turquoise wooden shutters features four levels, two terraces and no bedrooms. The lack of sleeping quarters is odd, but the history of the property is pretty typical. The original 160-acre ranch was purchased by Neil and Lee Kannally of Illinois in 1903. The two brothers were later joined by sisters Lucile and Mary and brother Vincent, and the ranch grew to almost 50,000 acres — or 78 square miles. They ranched those acres for decades, and then, in 1952, they sold their mineral rights and all but 4,000 acres to the Magma Copper Co. Following Lucile's death in 1976, the rest of the ranch was willed to the nonprofit Defenders of Wildlife, which later deeded the ranch to the Arizona State Parks Board. Oracle State Park was officially dedicated on October 1, 2001, and today it's a 4,000-acre wildlife refuge and environmental learning center. Friends of Oracle State Park raises funds for the restoration, preservation and operation of the historic Kannally Ranch House.

LOCATION: Oracle State Park
CONSTRUCTED: 1929-1932
ARCHITECT: H. Newkirk
INFORMATION: 520-896-2425 or www.azstateparks.com

1903	Neil and Lee Kannally purchase the original 160-acre ranch.
1929	Construction of the Kannally Ranch House begins.
1954	The Kannally family sells mineral rights and all but 4,000 acres of the ranch to the Magma Copper Co.
1976	Lucile Kannally dies and deeds the ranch to Defenders of Wildlife.
1985	Defenders of Wildlife deeds Kannally Ranch to the Arizona State Parks Board.
1988	The development of a master plan for a state park is initiated.
2001	Kannally Ranch is officially dedicated as Oracle State Park.

HISTORIC PLACES

TOVREA CASTLE

Phoenix

When Italian cobbler-turned-developer Alessio Carraro moved to Phoenix in 1928, he dreamed of turning the desert east of Phoenix into a major resort community, with a hotel at its center. In 1932, Carraro sold the property to cattleman Edward Ambrose Tovrea. Although Carraro's development never came to fruition and E.A. Tovrea passed away in 1933, the property — including what's come to be known as Tovrea Castle — remained in the family until 1993, when the city of Phoenix purchased it. Today, the Tovrea Carraro Society oversees the preservation and restoration of the property and has begun offering public tours.

LOCATION: 5041 E. Van Buren Street, Phoenix
CONSTRUCTED: 1928
ARCHITECT: Alessio Carraro
INFORMATION: www.phoenix.gov/parks/tovrea.html

1928	Alessio Carraro conceptualizes Carraro Heights and the Carraro Cactus Garden.
1932	Carraro sells the castle and surrounding land to E.A. Tovrea.
1936	The widowed Della Tovrea marries William Stuart, publisher of the *Prescott Daily Courier*. The couple spends most of the year in Prescott, but winters at the castle.
1969	Della Tovrea dies, and the Tovrea Family Trust assumes control of the castle.
1993	The city of Phoenix purchases the castle, as well as 7.5 acres of surrounding land.
1996-2003	The city purchases an additional 36 acres and begins preservation and restoration efforts.
2012	The castle and cactus gardens open for public tours.

ARIZONA STATE ARCHIVES

Last year, the Tovrea Carraro Society and the city of Phoenix opened Tovrea Castle for public tours.
OPPOSITE PAGE: When this photograph was made in 1930, Alessio Carraro lived in the castle. He sold it to E.A. Tovrea two years later. It remained in the Tovrea family until 1993. AH

Awe Naturel

[a portfolio]

From the Grand Canyon and Monument Valley in the north to the Sonoran Desert and Chiricahua Mountains in the south, Arizona has more than its share of natural wonders. Talk about naked beauty ... this is Arizona in its natural state. EDITED BY JEFF KIDA

[preceding panel] The snowcapped San Francisco Peaks loom over the sandstone hoodoos of Ward Bench, on the Navajo Indian Reservation of Northeastern Arizona. "In planning this photo, I wanted to adjust a pose of the hoodoos against the peaks," says photographer Jack Dykinga. | Jack Dykinga

CAMERA: NIKON D3X; SHUTTER: 1/3; APERTURE: F/16; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 400MM

[left] The turquoise waters of Havasu Creek pool beneath Mooney Falls. "Peering over Mooney Falls, I gingerly crept to the very edge of the cliff," says photographer Suzanne Mathia. "I was captivated by this breathtaking view of the water as it flowed calmly after a 200-foot drop." | Suzanne Mathia

CAMERA: CANON EOS 1DS MARK III; SHUTTER: 1/2; APERTURE: F/13; ISO: 160; FOCAL LENGTH: 70MM

[above] Clouds hover over Blue Mesa, in Petrified Forest National Park. "This angle just really worked for the photograph," Dykinga says. "It leads your eye into the storm." | Jack Dykinga

CAMERA: ARCA SWISS; FILM: FUJI 4x5 VELVIA; SHUTTER: 3 SEC; APERTURE: F/45; ISO: 50; FOCAL LENGTH: 75MM

[preceding panel] "I planned this HDR shot of Toroweap for a while," says photographer Shane McDermott. "I wanted the rising sun to align with the river bend below. So many images from Toroweap portray such a sharp and abrupt drop into the abyss below. No doubt dramatic, but perhaps not overly inviting." | Shane McDermott

CAMERA: NIKON D800; SHUTTER: 1/8; APERTURE: F/16; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 14MM; HDR IMAGE: 5 EXP FROM -4 EV TO +1 EV

[left] Fog envelops the upper Salt River Canyon, on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation. "I planned this photograph because of the bad weather," says photographer Jack Dykinga. "I was following the storm." | Jack Dykinga

CAMERA: ARCA SWISS; FILM: FUJI 4x5 VELVIA; SHUTTER: 1/4; APERTURE: F/32; ISO: 50; FOCAL LENGTH: 400MM

[preceding panel] Mitten Ridge peeks from behind Sedona's Bear Wallow rock. "Photo opportunities, for me, seem to come in waves," says photographer Mark Frank. "On this day, for example, the weather was nearly perfect. I was able to capture three or four quality shots in a 30-minute period. There are many times when I can go for months and not see what I had in front of me that day." | Mark Frank

CAMERA: NIKON D200; SHUTTER: 1/3; APERTURE: F/20; ISO: 100; FOCAL LENGTH: 46MM

[left] A summer monsoon creates a double rainbow over the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains. "In every case, when there's bad weather, I try to photograph the moods and feelings of the storm," says photographer Jack Dykinga. | Jack Dykinga

CAMERA: NIKON D3; SHUTTER: 1/25; APERTURE: F/16; ISO: 200; FOCAL LENGTH: 70MM

THIS BITES!

Most people are inherently wary of rattlesnakes. And for good reason. Their venom can digest a human body from the inside out, leaving limbs hideously swollen and black as coal. Or worse. So why would our writer spend the night in a desert teeming with sidewinders?

BY CRAIG CHILDS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE D. TAUBERT

IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY OF us bitten by a rattlesnake. We were all likely targets, working as guides and field instructors on the lower Colorado River, a place well populated by rattlesnakes. Picking up gear boxes and snapping out tarps, wearing river sandals and shorts, our bare flesh was always available. In some ways, I wished it had been me — just to get it out of the way, and to answer my curiosity.

It was not me, though. Instead, it was a friend working a few miles upstream. He stepped on a rattlesnake in the night when the desert was warm and the only light came from an ambient, bluish glow among the stars. He was wearing his river sandals, and for an alarming half-second, a snake, some *Crotalus* species, thrust its knuckle-length fangs and 40 milligrams of venom into the exposed arch of his foot. The venom moved quickly into his cells and began at once digesting his foot and leg from the inside out. Within minutes, vascular breakdown began as his heartbeat carried poisons through his system. I did not hear from him at the time. All I heard shortly afterward was the sound of a boat passing alone in the night. News was shuttled up to my camp around tents and kitchen gear that a rescue was in progress, my friend being hurried downstream to the takeout. Five hours from the nearest hospital, I stood and listened to the silent, meandering river. I looked across the dome of the night, wondering what was happening on that departing boat, wondering and just barely wishing it had been me.

My friend did not die. There was not enough venom to stop his heart or plunge him into a coma, so he had remained conscious, gritting his teeth as he lay in the bottom of a boat heading for the takeout. Without a precise antivenin on hand, there was little to do but tie a loose strip of cloth above the bite and hope he did not die en route. After being carried off the river, and after a jostling ride across the desert to the town of Yuma, he lay in a hospital bed waiting for the poison to subside. Using antivenin is a dangerous procedure and can be fatal in itself, so the doctors decided just to watch him, making sure his throat did not seize. He had to wait it out.

There is more than death in a rattlesnake's bite. Its venom is a pharmacological menagerie of highly evolved proteins that, when isolated, prove to have numerous restorative powers. Its venom is known to treat some cancers. Its method of breaking down cell

The Western diamondback rattlesnake (*Crotalus atrox*) is common in the southwestern United States, particularly at elevations below sea level and up to 6,500 feet. The snake — classified as a pit viper — is characterized by a triangular head and dark, diamond-shaped patterns along its back.

Sidewinder rattlesnakes (*Crotalus cerastes*) inhabit Arizona, Nevada, California, northern Mexico and Utah. Named for their sideways patterns of movement, the snakes commonly bury themselves in sand or in animal burrows. They're distinguished from other rattlesnake species by raised scales above their eyes, giving them the appearance of having horns.

walls — using an atom of zinc to cut through the membrane like a sharp tooth — is the same process by which cancers travel through the body. A drug made from rattlesnake venom reduces blood clotting and has been successfully administered to stroke victims, allowing them to regain physical and mental abilities within a matter of hours. A number of people who have intentionally injected doses of rattlesnake venom like daily vitamins have lived to an old age with few physical complaints, no colds or flu to speak of. But it is not something to trifle with. Dosage is a treacherous balance. Death is always present.

When I saw my friend a few days later, of course I wanted to hear every detail. He told me the bite itself had felt like a glowing-hot ice pick stabbed all the way to the bone. He described a burning sensation of poison entering his veins, how layers of pain seemed to unfold his very being. He said I could pull away the sheet covering him, and when I did I saw a foot and leg hideously swollen and black as coal. His skin, which looked like it should have exploded from such swelling, was grotesquely fireworked with burst blood vessels. I saw deflection in his eyes as he hid the constant wince he was feeling.

I smiled at him as I covered his disfigured leg with a sheet. I thought he was a better man for this. I said, "Snake medicine."

Knowing what I meant, knowing that he now had the physical presence of a rattlesnake inside of him, he nodded uncomfortably and repeated, "Snake medicine."

OVER THE YEARS, we all left the river and took different jobs, but some of us came back to this desert. We returned and met for long reunions in the wilderness. One night, a decade after we had worked together, three of us got a ride from a herpetologist 40 miles down a sandy two-track into the desert. The plan was for the herpetologist to drop us off with enough water to walk our way out.

A rattlesnake appeared coiled in the headlights and the herpetologist slammed on his brakes. He flew out his door wielding a long pole with a net on the end. I do not know where the net came from. It simply sprang out of his arm. Without pause, he swept the net across the ground and in one fluid motion dove a single hand inside. He had a cord of muscle writhing in his hand. Like pulling a rabbit out of a hat, he lifted a Colorado Desert sidewinder, *Crotalus cerastes laterorepens*, into the headlights. His thumb pressed behind the snake's skull, his forefinger shoveled under its jaw. The snake's body flipped back and coiled around his arm. It was not a long snake, less than 3 feet. But it was animated.

I was not ready to see this. I had gotten out of the truck to look at a snake coiled on the ground, squat down in front of it maybe, watch its tongue snap at the air from a safe distance. But suddenly this man had a rattlesnake in his grasp and was looking into its eyes from a couple inches away. It was like looking straight into the steely gaze of Vishnu, the destroyer-god, something you just don't do. I stepped back, almost stumbling on my own feet. I had known he was a reptile scientist, but I did not know about the net, or about the swiftness of his zeal.

"Oh," I said breathlessly, all I could say.

The snake was really pissed now. On the tip of its tail, an amber-colored shaker moved so fast, it whined. The rattle appeared to shimmer, a stack of dried, segmented scales vibrating at about 60 flicks a second. It sent a single, loud message: *Touch me not*.

As if in a trance, with a fascinated smile on his face, the herpetologist muttered, "Ah, it's beautiful."

After a moment of reluctance and disbelief, I stepped closer. I was fixated, my heart thrumming under my shirt.

We were about to set off on a long walk in a country of rattlesnakes, and I felt uneasy about what was happening here. A rattlesnake bite in the Mexican wilderness would be dire. Helicopters would not come to our rescue. This seemed like bad snake medicine.

I do not know the magic of things, incantations or hexes, but I imagined it could not be good, angering a rattlesnake so much before a trek. As scientifically minded as I wish to be, I felt like we were broadcasting ill will to all sidewinders in the vicinity, adding to our risk. I thought to tell the herpetologist to put the snake down, but I could not. I was spellbound.

The herpetologist stepped back from me, finding a clear space between us where he released the sidewinder onto the ground with a thrust of his hands, not throwing it, but setting it down very swiftly. The snake flew across the ground like a rope of water racing away.

From there, the herpetologist left us. We three who remained navigated by stars as his taillights paled behind us. No one used a flashlight. Instead, we kept our eyes adjusted to the dark. The desert rolled out in front of us as we focused our eyes on the skim of Earth and sky in the distance, counting stars as they set. A rattle erupted from the ground between us, and suddenly we all woke, bodies snapped into action. We could not see the snake, but we knew exactly where it was between us as we circled in. It sounded like a small one, a young sidewinder. We looked down at nothing, an emptiness on the ground that was making a buzzing fury.

Someone said: "We're just out walking, nothing to get excited over. We know you're there."

The snake's rattling subsided and then stopped. We kept on, and finally set camp in the dark. I woke at dawn. I crawled from my sleeping bag into a realm of blown sand. A void encircled me, occupying every horizon. There was no wind, only a still and pale sky. I got up and stepped barefoot across sand fine as table salt. Not 3 feet away, I stopped at a fresh track left by a sidewinder. I followed it with my eyes back toward my gear, finding that while I slept a snake had passed beside my head. It left a graceful, rhythmic print, something written in script. I bent down to the track and looked very closely. The sand was so smooth it revealed each slick, broad scale on the snake's belly. Looking for a place to urinate, I stepped over the track without scuffing it. I came upon a second sidewinder track, and then a third beyond that, and a fourth crisscrossing a fifth. Rattlesnakes were everywhere.

In the coming days we walked over countless tracks, and not one of us was bitten. We emerged out the other side, better men for what we did. AH

Karen Pugliesi, writer Annette McGivney and McGivney's son, Austin, hike out of the Hellsgate Wilderness along Hellsgate Trail 37.

To Hellsgate and Back

Lining up writers and photographers for stories about Havasu Falls, Hannagan Meadow or Horton Creek is one thing — idyllic-sounding places are an easy sell — but when the contract includes the words "go to Hellsgate," the list of contributors gets a lot shorter. Hellsgate is a rugged place, and getting in and out requires a willingness to endure triple-digit temperatures, hungry bears, poisonous snakes, flash floods and a 2,000-foot vertical drop.

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By Annette McGivney
Photographs by Elias Butler

THERE WERE PLENTY of sensible reasons to not go backpacking in Hellsgate Wilderness. For starters, the name raised suspicions that it could be a Godforsaken place. And then there was the fact that hungry bears stressed by drought were trying to eat people. The Hellsgate Trailhead, just east of Payson, was closed last June after three separate incidents at the nearby Ponderosa Campground — a bear there had put its jaws around the heads of campers (all of whom survived) as they slept.

There was also the possibility of being swept away by a monsoon-induced flash flood. Or succumbing to heatstroke during a long, hard hike in triple-digit temperatures. The spare and discouraging description of the wilderness on the Tonto National Forest website only threw up more red flags: "While the hiker faces several moderate to steep climbs on the route to Hell's Gate," it cautioned, "the real challenge is getting back out."

When I called the Tonto National Forest office in Payson last July to inquire about the bear situation, the recreation specialist added this: "Be aware that the area contains a very high concentration of snakes."

Yet, despite all of the ominous warnings, I was infatuated with Hellsgate. It was a place I'd eyeballed on the map and always wanted to see. Located at the base of the Mogollon Rim, almost at the dead center of Arizona and bisected by the perennial waters of Tonto Creek, this 37,000-acre roadless wilderness possessed an irresistible combination for me: water in the desert and remote, rugged canyons. Every new bit of negative information only made me more determined. I had to go. I planned my backpacking trip, prudently I thought, for the last week in September. It would be after the threat of flash floods had passed and, I'd hoped, when the hungry bears and triple-digit summer temperatures had retreated.

But three days before my departure, news of other hazards in Hellsgate stopped me in my tracks. Friend and photographer Elias Butler had just returned from what he intended to be a three-day stay. Instead, after a grueling 12 hours in Hellsgate, he hiked out as quickly as possible. "The heat coming off the rock walls was like a furnace," he said, noting it was 90 degrees by 9 a.m. "And there were so many swarming gnats I couldn't leave my tent. I wanted to get in the water, but I couldn't." He said that a recent rainstorm had filled Tonto Creek with silt and made it too murky to swim in and difficult to filter for drinking. His creekside camp was also invaded by ants and giant centipedes. It was a cauldron of biting and stinging critters that was so unpleasant even a dedicated wilderness traveler like Elias was chased away.

"The Great American Desert is an awful place. Even if you survive, which is not certain, you will have a miserable time."

LEFT: Tonto Creek passes through "Hell's Gate," providing a cool respite for hikers. **ABOVE:** Tonto Creek cascades over pink granite below Bear Flat in the Hellsgate Wilderness.

"THE GREAT American Desert is an awful place," Edward Abbey wrote in his book *The Journey Home*. "People get hurt, get sick, get lost out there. Even if you survive, which is not certain, you will have a miserable time. The desert is for movies and God-intoxicated mystics, not for family recreation."

This is why, when I finally do hike into Hellsgate Wilderness, I take my 15-year-old son, Austin. I suspect Hellsgate is the kind of unruly, wild country that Abbey relished. And I want to share the experience of exploring it — which I hope will not be entirely miserable — with Austin. After Elias' experience, I rescheduled my hike for the third weekend in October, when the potential for human-friendly conditions would be at its greatest. Joining us on the three-day hike are Elias (undaunted by his previous trip) and my friend Karen Pugliesi.

Hoisting heavy packs loaded with extra water and rubber inner tubes for canyoneering, we set out from the Hellsgate Trailhead on a Friday afternoon (the bear closure had been lifted in September) and head into the forest, where cows watch us from a distance. It's nearly 8 miles on Hellsgate Trail 37 to the bottom of Tonto Creek Canyon and the actual place named Hell's Gate. Our plan is to hike halfway on the first day and camp on a ridge overlooking the canyon. But, due to our late start and heavy packs, darkness falls before we reach the ridge. We set up our tents, instead, in a small clearing in the forest, a place we name "cow pie camp" for all the droppings we have to kick out of the way.

After dinner, in the chill of late fall, we huddle around a fire and talk about what we might see tomorrow when we finally arrive at Hell's Gate. I share a story about a friend who hiked years ago into the wilderness and was camped along the creek on a hot summer night and slept without a tent on top of his sleeping bag. He awoke with his face itching and discovered he'd been bitten head-to-toe by blood-sucking conenosed "kissing" bugs.

"Oh my god!" Karen exclaims as we all laugh and shiver. "And we're going to this place!"

The next day we follow Trail 37 on a rocky route that transitions from an old jeep road into a hiking path. The temperature warms to a pleasant 70 degrees as we wind through the oak and manzanita scrubland of Little Green Valley and then contour around the head of Salt Lick Canyon. To the north is the towering escarpment of the Mogollon Rim, and somewhere to the south, in the unseen depths of Tonto Creek Canyon, is Hell's Gate. As we walk, I notice piles of bear scat the size of dinner plates along the trail, and it's riddled with prickly pear seeds. After the monsoon, the desert is ripe with fruit, and many species are gorging on this bounty. Purple prickly pear

fruit covers the ground, along with blue juniper berries, yellow cholla fruit and piñon pine cones full of nuts.

Steadily climbing as the heat rises, we emerge at Apache Ridge and the signed boundary of Hellsgate Wilderness. We sit beneath an ancient alligator juniper to eat lunch and soak in the sprawling panorama. To the west are the Mazatzal Mountains, and to the south, perhaps 100 miles away, are the distinct summits of Four Peaks. And somewhere down there is a city named Phoenix with more than 3 million people. But from our 5,000-foot-high perch, the wilderness unfolds, uninterrupted in every direction.

As we descend below the ridge and hike toward Tonto Creek, the top of the canyon harboring Hell's Gate comes into view. It looks like the Earth has been slashed straight through with a machete. The walls are sheer and dark and pressed together. The canyon might appear ominous if we were not so hungry for shade.

"I can't wait to get in the water," Austin says. The temperature is now somewhere in the 80s. He's hot and tired from carrying his backpack. He's also skeptical about my promise that the discomfort of the hike will suddenly become worth it once we get to the creek.

The last 2 miles of Trail 37 are brutally steep, plummeting nearly 2,000 feet, with few switchbacks to ease the strain on the knees. The final half-mile is more of a slide, and we have to step sideways on slippery gravel in order to keep from tumbling head over heels. Finally, we land on the smooth round boulders of the creekbed and reach the heart of the wilderness area where Tonto Creek and its main tributary, Haigler Creek, converge. We hop across rocks over the Tonto's rushing waters, drop our packs at a broad, sandy beach, and collapse next to the water.

Austin lets out a big sigh. Karen takes off her boots and socks and presses her feet into the sand. The sky is a crisp blue with feathery wisps of clouds that are framed by the jagged walls of the canyon. A gentle breeze blows, and the golden leaves of a sycamore tree rattle above our heads.

"This doesn't feel like hell," Karen says.

Staring up at the canyon walls where a dam site was once proposed, I think about Bobbie Holaday, who fought to get Hellsgate protected under the 1984 Arizona Wilderness Act. She was volunteering for the Arizona Wilderness Coalition's Adopt a Wilderness program in 1981 and noticed that no one had signed up to advocate for the wilderness study area called Hellsgate.

"I'd never been there, but I adopted it sight unseen," Holaday told me when I called her after our trip. "Once I hiked to the bottom and saw how spectacular it was, I devoted myself to getting it designated. I explored the area in every direction for the better part of three years." Holaday, who is now a spry 90 years old, had to wrangle with local ranchers and Forest Service managers. She compiled detailed records of the Tonto and Haigler drainage ecosystems, delivered public slideshows, and led hikes to Hell's Gate to prove that the area with the ominous-sounding name was actually one of Arizona's crown jewels. She won over the ranchers, the land managers and even then-Senator Barry Goldwater.

I asked Holaday if she'd had run-ins with snakes during her time in the wilderness. "I never had any problem," she said. "Perhaps, God whispered to them, 'You leave this lady alone.'" She also told me that the area got its name from ranchers whose cows were stuck in the bottom of the canyon. "It was one hell of a place to try and get a cow out," she laughed.

After lounging on the beach, where we're not visited by a single ant, gnat, kissing bug, centipede or snake, we blow up our inner tubes and summon the energy to visit the narrow section of canyon that is Hell's Gate. It's located up the Tonto, just above the confluence with Haigler Creek. Getting through the "gate" requires floating or swimming a deep, 100-foot-long pool that squeezes between sheer granite walls.

We plop on top of our tubes and push off. I shriek in the icy water, which, according to the thermometer on Austin's watch, is 48 degrees. We paddle into an ever-narrowing corridor where granite walls rise 1,000 feet and radiate pink in the late-afternoon light. A warm wind pushes us upstream, through the gate, and to the end of a pool where we scramble over slick granite ledges to reach a waterfall.

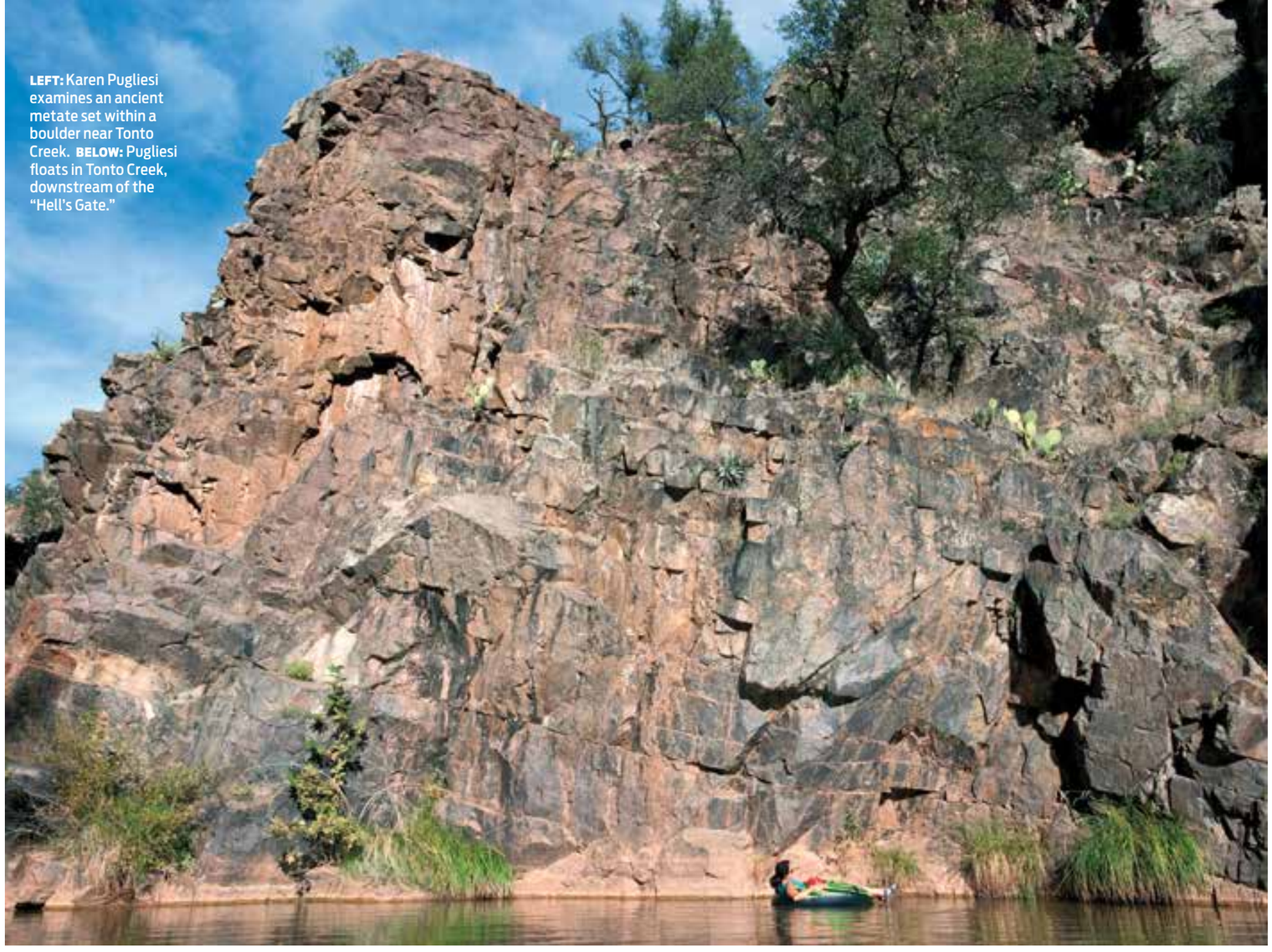
"Was it worth it?" I ask Austin as we paddle through a second pool that's even narrower, deeper and colder than the first.

"Yes!"

EDWARD ABBEY WROTE in his book *Desert Solitaire*, "Wilderness is not a luxury but a necessity of the human spirit, and as vital to our lives as water and good bread."

In this regard, Elias, Karen, Austin and I are fully satiated as we hike back up Trail 37 the next day. The path is still steep and our packs are still heavy, but our mood is upbeat. This is how wilderness works. If it's truly wild, it's a place that allows other species to thrive and may not always be comfortable for humans. But when the timing is right, the experience of being there can be intensely pure and joyful. The sky is bluer. The canyon walls more spectacular. The breeze more soothing. The food more delicious. The bonds with friends and family stronger.

We stop again for lunch on the ridge, sit under a shady oak tree and polish off the rest of our food. Elias picks up pottery shards that we pass around and then drop back onto the ground. When the conversation pauses and we look out at the mountains, I hear a meadowlark singing from a nearby tree. It's the sweetest and most heavenly sound. AH



LEFT: Karen Pugliesi examines an ancient metate set within a boulder near Tonto Creek. **BELOW:** Pugliesi floats in Tonto Creek, downstream of the "Hell's Gate."

IF YOU GO

DIRECTIONS: From Payson, drive east on State Route 260 for 11 miles to Milepost 263. Turn right just past the marker and drive a half-mile on a graded dirt road to the Hellsgate Trailhead on the right.

TRAVEL ADVISORY: Hellsgate Trail 37 can also be reached from the south via the Smoky Hollow Trailhead near Young. However, the 15-mile, four-wheel-drive route to that trailhead is extremely rough.

SEASON: Late fall and early spring are most pleasant for trail hiking; however, the canyon pools may be too cold for swimming without a wetsuit.

INFORMATION: Payson Ranger District, 928-474-7900 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto

HISTORY MAJOR

Words and photographs make up most of Arizona's historical record, but if you ask collector Jeremy Rowe, there aren't enough pictures. That's why he's collected more than 35,000 photographs and postcards. And it's one of the best collections anywhere.

DAVID SCHWARTZ
JOHN WAGNER

JEREMY ROWE HAS A PASSION for all things Arizona.

From early images of Territorial expeditions and the Grand Canyon to stark depictions of the state's Native inhabitants, Rowe devoutly believes the old saying that a picture is worth a thousand words — and sometimes much more. Yet he says that images unfairly take a back seat to the written word in piecing together Arizona's history.

The 60-year-old is on a mission to change all that.

"Photographs are as valuable as written materials and should be looked at in the same way," says Rowe, an emeritus professor at Arizona State University. "They inform each other, interact with each other and help tell a story."

Rowe knows a little bit about collecting. His compilation of 19th and early 20th century Arizona photographs features more than 35,000 items, including some 15,000 postcards. It is considered one of the largest and best of its kind in the state.

Rowe first ventured into the hobby with comic books, but not just your run-of-the-mill ones. At one time, he had the second issue of the *Batman* comic book, as well as complete sets of *The Flash*, *Green Lantern*, *The Incredible Hulk* and *Spider-Man*.

Rowe shakes his head with regret that the now-valuable books are gone, given away by his mother long ago. He has no idea where they ended up.

"You always think, when they show up at auctions, *Maybe that's mine*," he says. "But there's really no way to know."

During his college years, Rowe collected big-name cars to help pay the bills. Sort of. He kept the vehicles long enough to fix them up, ride in them for a while, and then sell them for a tidy profit — like the Ferrari he bought and sold that was once owned by the actor James Cagney.

In graduate school, Rowe became interested in photographs and the stories behind them after he saw a collection at a swap meet.

It's been full speed ahead ever since.

Jeremy Rowe's collection of Arizona postcards and photographs includes more than 35,000 items.

Rowe's Arizona images span from 1851 to the 1940s and run the gamut of media, including sketchbooks, ambrotypes, tintypes, silver prints, stereographs and postcards. He also collects photo equipment.

A prize in his collection is the 1851 sketchbook by Henry Cheever Pratt, an artist who accompanied John Russell Bartlett on a survey of the boundary between the United States and Mexico. It includes drawings of San Diego, Yuma, the Gila River and Pima Indians. The sketches later formed the basis for Pratt's paintings.

Rowe's earliest Arizona photos are H.H. Edgerton shots from 1864. They feature Papago warriors armed with bows, arrows and guns at a ranch building in Aravaipa.

Then there are the postcards. Rowe's collection runs deep between the years of 1905 and 1920 and includes images of a Clarkdale parade, early Oatman, a mining strike in Globe and a railroad yard in Wickenburg. There's even a postcard of a postcard rack in Jerome. And still more.

"I've got it bad," Rowe says. "When I find something great, I have to have it. You try to find a way to get it."

He purchased one postcard in Tucson that had some corner damage. It was sold as a copy print, but Rowe got a big surprise when he turned it over. The original was stuck to the back.

The 1910 image depicts a funeral for a local street dog in Tombstone. About a dozen men in suits with American flags are pictured with the cloth-wrapped dog atop the coffin. Beer bottles filled with flowers decorate each corner of the coffin.

Lawrence Jones, an Austin, Texas, photo collector who has known Rowe for three decades, says his friend is a focused, thorough individual.

"He is just about as passionate as any of the collectors I know," says Jones, who sold his 5,000-piece collection to Southern Methodist University in Texas about four years ago and has started another collection. "He is very quiet, but he's very intense. He has so much energy."

He also says Rowe is unselfish. "He loves to share what he's got. So many people are hoarders. He's not one of them."

Rowe finds items for his collection here, there and everywhere. For example, the 1864 Edgerton photos came from eBay. And he has success following the money, finding his items in places like Boston, Kansas City, Philadelphia and New York, and from those who invested in Arizona early on.

A big find came from a company in Amsterdam that spent millions on mining in Arizona and sent back photos to show how their dollars were being put to use. The company went out of business and officials sold the photos.

Still, Rowe is on the hunt for more.

"Whenever you have a gap in what you have, that's the Holy Grail," he says. "[You don't stop] until you find it."

At the moment, Rowe's Holy Grail is an original photograph that was, according to rumor, made during an 1857 Joseph Christmas Ives expedition of the Colorado River. The photograph may represent one of the earliest images ever made of Arizona.

"There's nothing worse than a collection that doesn't grow," Rowe says. "It's the chase that's the real exciting part, not the ownership of the material. The chase never gets old."

Queen Valley Road

As it winds through the Superstition Mountains, Queen Valley Road offers a little something for everyone — gorgeous landscapes for sightseers, and extreme terrain for adventurous spirits.

BY KATHY RITCHIE PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE STOCKING

Relationships are funny things. To make them work, you have to compromise. The same rule can be applied to scenic drives. Some scenic drives, anyway. Queen Valley Road in the Superstition Mountains is a good example. If you're like my driving companion, Jon, who loves the adrenaline rush that comes from plowing across boulder-strewn terrain, then you'll love the second half of this drive. It requires four-wheel-drive, which makes me nervous, because all I can think about in those scenarios is driving off a cliff. If you're like-minded, and prefer stunning views to white-knuckle switchbacks, then the first half of this trek will be right up your alley.

After turning left onto Queen Valley Road off of U.S. Route 60, east of Phoenix, we drive more than a mile before turning right onto Forest Road 357 (Hewitt Station Road), which is where we zero out the odometer to officially measure this scenic drive. The road meanders for a good 2 miles before hitting Forest Road 172, on the left. The turnoff is well marked but requires some attention — there are several offshoot roads for quads and bikes. The dirt road quickly narrows, and at mile 3.5, we come to a fork. Unsure, we veer right.

The landscape is at once brutal and beautiful. Owl clover and Mexican goldpoppies are juxtaposed against the harsh, jagged hills. Around mile 5.3, we drop deeper into the Superstitions' inner sanctum. As the canyon walls close in around us, layers of rock appear otherworldly. Spindly cactuses cover the rocky hillsides, and saguaros stand like sentinels at the edge of the road. Their arms hang over us like protective giants. We're on Mother Nature's turf, and it's absolutely divine.

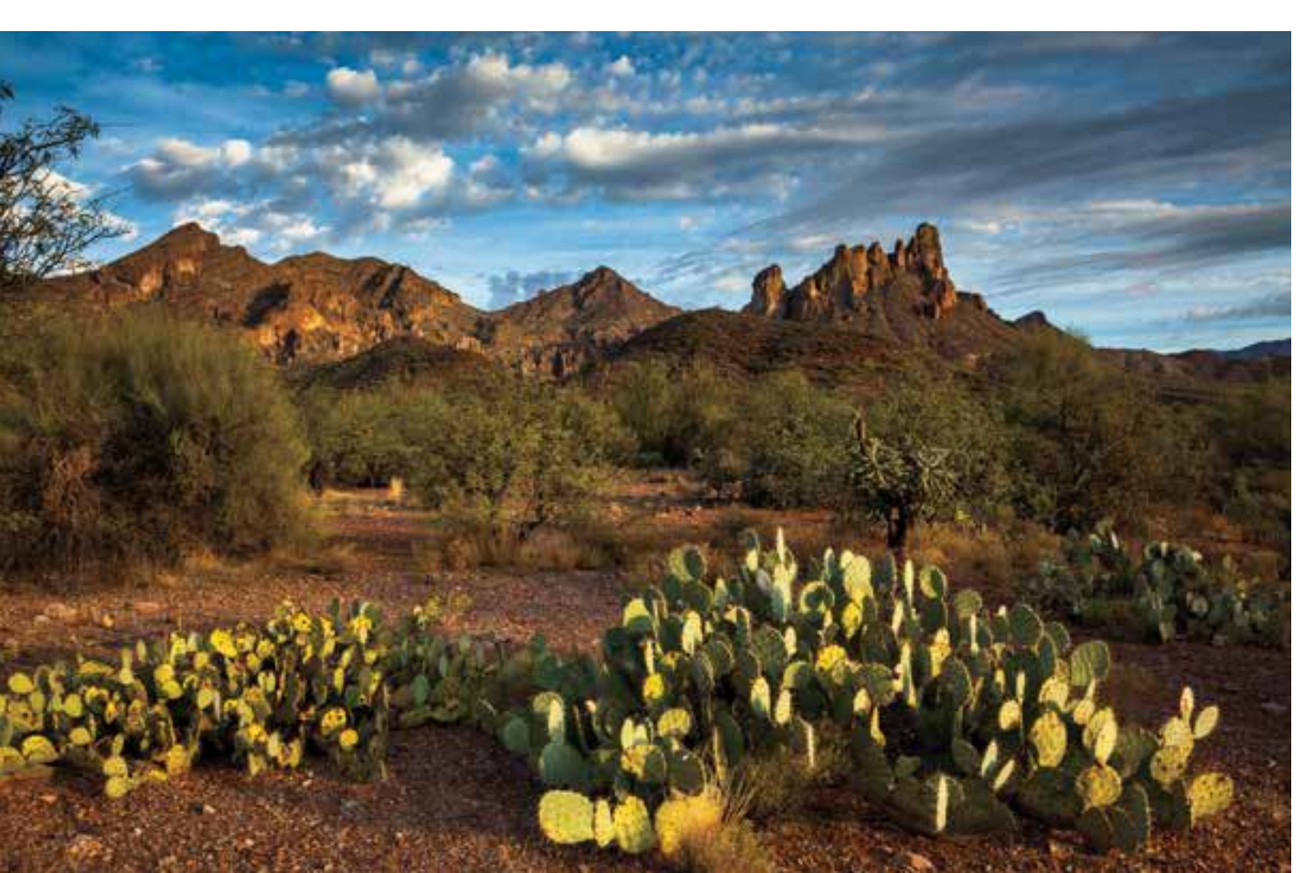
By mile 14, the saguaros are gone, replaced by piñon pines and juniper bushes, which cover the hillsides. A tight switchback at mile 15.9 forces us to pull over and make a three-point turn. The road looks gnarly, so we decide it's time for four-wheel-drive. As we continue our climb — vertically — we come to a T junction and veer right onto Forest Road 650. At this point, the road is practically impassable without four-wheel-drive. As we crawl over small boulders, the road narrows, and navigating it requires some finesse. Jon is in his element and loves every moment. Fists clenched, I decide compromise is for the birds.

Around mile 20, we see remnants of a fire. Contorted branches that look like witches' fingers reach out and scratch our SUV. The narrow road ahead hugs the mountainside like a ribbon. There's no room for another vehicle to pass, no guardrail.

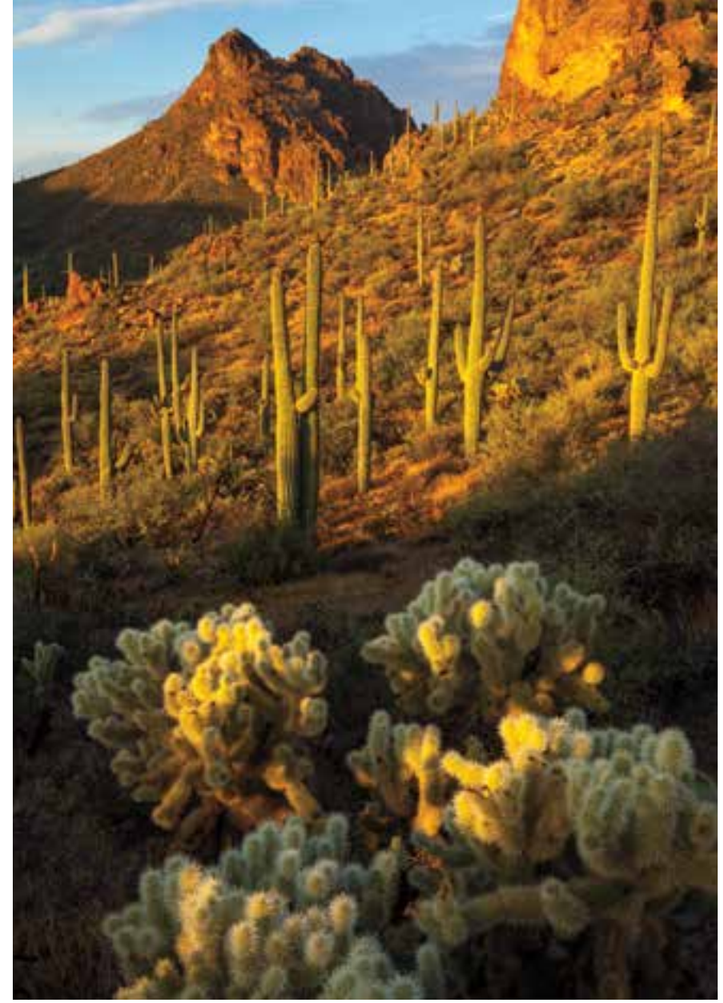
The next 10 miles feel endless as we begin our descent down a rocky hill made up of nauseatingly tight switchbacks. At mile 24.9, we come to another T junction. There are no signs, so we turn right and hope for the best. After crossing several sandy washes, we spot U.S. 60 up ahead. After 33 miles, we're finally back on pavement. Jon comes down from his adrenaline high, and my stomach slowly settles.

"That was awesome," Jon says.

"Yep," I reply. "That first part was really stunning."



BELOW AND OPPOSITE PAGE: Queen Valley Road, which runs through the Superstition Mountains, pairs scenic desert landscapes with narrow switchbacks.



ADDITIONAL READING:
For more scenic drives, pick up a copy of our book *The Back Roads*. Now in its fifth edition, the book ($19.95) features 40 of the state's most scenic drives. To order a copy, visit www.arizonahighways.com/books.

KEVIN KIBSEY

tour guide

Note: Mileages are approximate.

LENGTH: 33 miles one way

DIRECTIONS: From Phoenix, drive east on U.S. Route 60. About 3 miles past State Route 79 at Florence Junction, turn left (north) onto Queen Valley Road. From there, drive 1.6 miles to Forest Road 357 (Hewitt Station Road), turn right and continue 2 miles to Forest Road 172. Turn left onto FR 172, drive 14 miles, and turn right onto Forest Road 650. From there, continue 17 miles to U.S. 60.

VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: A high-clearance, four-wheel-drive vehicle is required.

WARNING: Back-road travel can be hazardous, so be aware of weather and road conditions. Carry plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone know where you are going and when you plan to return.

INFORMATION: Tonto National Forest, Mesa Ranger District, 480-610-3300 or www.fs.usda.gov/tonto

511 Travelers in Arizona can visit www.az511.gov or dial 511 to get information on road closures, construction, delays, weather and more. AH

Summit Trail

Maybe you've done Camelback. If so, great; if not, put it on your list — it's one of the most unique urban trails in America.

BY ROBERT STIEVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE MATHIA

It's true, climbing Camelback can be frustrating. The parking is a nightmare, too many hikers wear too much perfume, and the single-file line can feel like the queue at a Jimmy Buffett concert. Nevertheless, this trail is a must. It leads to the highest point in metro Phoenix. It's an iconic landmark that can be seen from the window seats of approaching 747s. And it's only 1.2 miles to the top. It's short, but in that short distance it climbs more than 1,200 feet. Factor in the sunshine and the thermometer, and it'll make anybody work up a sweat.

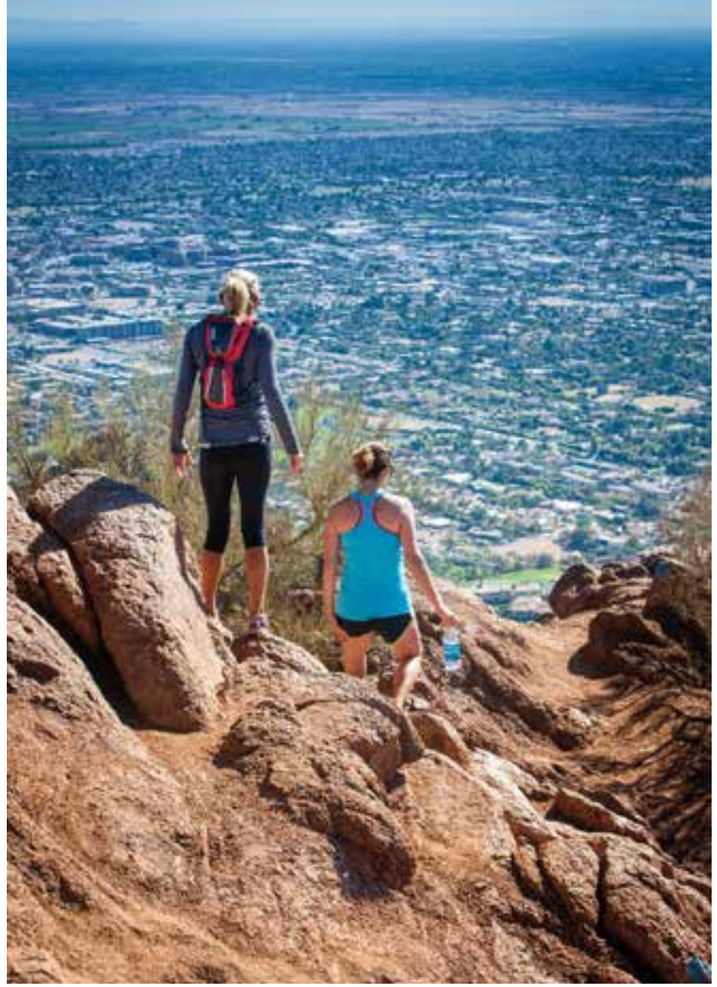
Like a lot of mountains, there's more than one way to the top of Camelback. In this case, there are two: 1) the Cholla Trail, which approaches from the east, and 2) the Summit Trail (a.k.a. the Echo Canyon Trail), which approaches from the west. The latter is the most popular, and if you're only going up once, this is the route to take.

It begins at Echo Canyon Park, which has very limited parking. From the trailhead, the hike immediately begins an uphill climb that won't let up until you're on your way back down. After a series of long steps, the trail winds around an enormous boulder, about the size of a Dairy Queen, which is used by novice rock-climbers as a training site. About 15 minutes later, you'll come to a small saddle that offers great views of Paradise Valley below and the Praying Monk rock formation above.

From the saddle, the trail continues southward to another series of steps, which are followed by a set of handrails that help guide hikers up a steep series of boulders. There's a final set of handrails before the trail tops out on the nape of the camel's neck and winds to a narrow gully. From this point forward, there's not an actual trail. You simply make your way over and around the many boulders that dominate the terrain all the way to the summit.

At the crown of the gully, views to the south open up — you can see downtown Phoenix and beyond. This is a good place to catch your breath and gear up for the hike's most strenuous stretch, which is another field of boulders, similar to what you'll have conquered in the gully. This gantlet, however, is much longer and much more difficult. Not only will you be trying to catch your breath, you'll be dodging the downhill hikers who are gingerly skipping from rock to rock, just hoping to maintain their footing. In terms of balance, going up is easier than going down, but you won't appreciate that while you're trudging up and gasping for breath.

OPPOSITE PAGE AND RIGHT: Camelback Mountain's Summit Trail is one of the most popular in the Phoenix area and climbs more than 1,200 feet in 1.2 miles.



Eventually, you'll come to another saddle, the third in all. Although your mind will trick you into thinking you're at the top, you're not. This is what's known as Camelback's false peak. Say a few choice words if you must, but keep on trekking. The true summit is just a few minutes away. When you reach the peak, you'll be surrounded by exasperated hikers — because the summit is relatively flat and comfortably wide, people tend to hang out up there for a while, catching their breath, eating Mojo bars and taking in the 360-degree panorama. If you look in their faces, you'll see that most of the hikers are feeling a sense of accomplishment, and justifiably so. After enduring the parking, the perfume and the mass of people, they've certainly earned it.

ADDITIONAL READING:
For more hikes, pick up a copy of *Arizona Highways Hiking Guide*, which features 52 of the state's best trails — one for each weekend of the year, sorted by seasons. To order a copy, visit www.arizonahighways.com/books.

KEVIN KIBSEY

trail guide

LENGTH: 2.4 miles round-trip
DIFFICULTY: Moderate
ELEVATION: 1,476 to 2,704 feet
TRAILHEAD GPS: N 33°31.287', W 111°58.417'
DIRECTIONS: In Phoenix, go north on 44th Street to its intersection with Tatum Boulevard and McDonald Drive. Go right on McDonald Drive for one block and turn right onto Echo Canyon Parkway, which leads to the trailhead parking. The parking area is open sunrise to sunset, and parking is extremely limited.
VEHICLE REQUIREMENTS: None
DOGS ALLOWED: Yes (on a leash)
HORSES ALLOWED: No
USGS MAP: Paradise Valley
INFORMATION: City of Phoenix, 602-262-6862 or www.phoenix.gov/parks/hikecmlb.html

LEAVE-NO-TRACE PRINCIPLES:

- Plan ahead and be prepared.
- Travel and camp on durable surfaces.
- Dispose of waste properly and pack out all of your trash.
- Leave what you find.
- Respect wildlife and minimize impact.
- Be considerate of others.

where is this?

KEN ROSS

Flocked Together

Seven ostriches (*Struthio camelus*) gather near a feeder at this Arizona destination, known for its menagerie of exotic animals, including lorikeets — which live in their very own Rainbow Lorikeet Forest — Sicilian donkeys and Boer goats, among others. — KELLY VAUGHN KRAMER

Win a collection of our most popular books! To enter, correctly identify the location pictured above and email your answer to editor@arizonahighways.com — type "Where Is This?" in the subject line. Entries can also be sent to 2039 W. Lewis Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85009 (write "Where Is This?" on the envelope). Please include your name, address and phone number. One winner will be chosen in a random drawing of qualified entries. Entries must be postmarked by February 15, 2013. Only the winner will be notified. The correct answer will be posted in our April issue and online at www.arizonahighways.com beginning March 15.